

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 40.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1809.

NO. 1082.

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR,

THE CAVERN.

Translated from the French of Madame Herbeter.

Is the rich and fertile Vale of Tours, so truly called the Garden of France, on the banks of the Loire, lie a small chain of mountains, winding from the east to the scorching rays of the south.

The ancient forest of Roseville, that crowns their summits, shields them from the fiercing northern winds, and gives them the most luxuriant fruitage; here the blooming peach—the delicate apricot—the crimson cherry—and the juicy grape, vie with each other in yielding their utmost sweets to man. These mountains are inhabited by a number of poor vigneron^{*} men, simple in their manners, upright and hospitable; they are contented with the bounties of nature, and seem to have no other ambition than that of enjoying and participating its pleasures.

The Count de Roseville, lord of this charming country, being one day out coursing, was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, and obliged to seek shelter from its rage; he accidentally entered an excavation under some rocks, which had formerly served for lime-kilns. The storm continuing, he amused himself by following his dogs through several bye-ways and winding passages, till he came at last to a subterraneous cave, which appeared to extend through the whole range of mountains above.

This was on the 30th of June, 1792; the dreadful epocha of the French revolution was now fast approaching; the safety of the nobility and gentry became daily more precarious; and many were already pursued and imprisoned. The 10th of August,† and the fatal commencement of September, were preparing. These days, which we must ever call to mind with indescribable horror, whether we contemplate the wretched victims sacrificed by a lawless banditti, the blood that flowed through every part of France, or the unheard-of calamities that have been the consequences of them.

The Count de Roseville, who ruled his vassals rather as a tender father than as a master, and who knew their devotion to himself and family, had hitherto confided intirely in their protection; deeming it far less dangerous to rely on the affections of a set of innocent men, than to expose his life and fortune by emigration. In this opinion he was strengthened by hopes that the political clouds which then darkened the horizon of peace would shortly disappear; and the laws, assisted by virtue, would triumph over the efforts of vice, and its corrupting principles.—Vain hopes, indeed!—anarchy and confusion increased daily, and at length plunged unhappy France in all the horrors of a civil war. Innocence was no longer

^{*} Gardeners, who cultivate the vine.

† Days in which the Swiss Guards, and those respected to be royalists, were massacred, as well as the prisoners in the different jails.

a protection from the fatal guillotine; the mandates of our despots overwhelmed even the most remote corners of the kingdom; flight became impossible, and death inevitable. The count now began to see the fallacy of his hopes; the confiscations that were hourly increasing, opened his eyes to his real situation; in short, he expected to be the next victim seized on, and committed to prison. Things were in this state, when the Count discovered the subterraneous cavern, and on examination it appeared to present him and his family with a safe retreat in case of necessity. When the rain abated, he returned to the castle of Roseville, revolving the idea in his mind the whole way; on mentioning it to the countess, she appeared sensibly struck with the importance of the discovery, and begged he would permit her to accompany him there the following day. This was, of course, agreed to; her two daughters, Gabrielle and Augustine, happening to be present at the conversation, requested also permission to attend their mother; which was granted, on condition that they would keep the object of their journey a profound secret.

Richard, the count's valet de chambre, having waited on his master from his tenderest infancy, had acquired his utmost confidence by an inviolable attachment to his person and family; he alone of all the servants, was acquainted with the secret. Next morning, after breakfast, the party set out in the carriage, which was dismissed on entering the verge of the forest, and Richard, provided with a number of flambeaus, followed the count and countess to the lime kilns. On following the windings of the cavern, Richard discovered, by means of his light, a gloomy passage, which the count had not perceived the day before; this led them to a beautiful grotto, supported by several natural columns, in the middle of which a charming fountain spouted its waters to a great height, and threw them in gentle cascades into a basin, formed in the rock, whence they lost themselves in murmuring rills through its intricacies. The grotto was illumined with a soft and pleasing light, which broke through the crevices of the rock in various places. Further on were several other grottos, of different sizes, all of which, however, promised to become comfortable apartments with a little pains. In one of them was an opening between two fragments of the rock, so disposed, that it was almost impossible for the rain to enter, and yet sufficiently open to admit the light. Most of the others were but faintly illumined. A long corridor led to a kind of rotunda, much elevated, and impervious to the day; at the back of the rotunda, they followed a narrow winding, until they issued, after about a quarter of an hour's walk, at an extensive stone quarry near the bridge of Tours. Richard, on discovering this, suddenly exclaimed, "What, two avenues! just the thing we want!" then turning to the count, he continued, "Be assured, my lord, I would answer to make this cavern a most comfortable habitation, and so secure that the eyes of curiosity itself, should not discover the way in."

"How?" said the countess, "why should not other people have the same curiosity as our-

selves? The same inducements may produce the same consequences; besides, what you think we only have found out, is probably well known to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood."

"That is not likely, madam," replied Richard, "this place is truly a labyrinth, where a person may easily lose oneself, and consequently where one fears to be lost; besides, the country people have other concerns to look after, and those of the town are too fearful to venture to examine it; as for strangers, I will answer for it, madam, they shall not visit it; if they do, I will soon stop their career."

"How?" demanded the count.

"By placing doors in the darkest places."

"Doors!" exclaimed the count, "why truly that would be the only way to excite curiosity; they will wish to know what is on the other side, your doors will be broken open, and—"

"I ask your pardon," rejoined Richard, quickly, "these doors shall be invisible to all but your family."

The countess and her daughters could hardly forbear smiling at his apparent simplicity, but Richard looked so serious, that they contented themselves with asking him the explication of this pretended invisibility.

"The doors," replied Richard, "shall be nothing more than wooden frames, which I will fill up with clay, and when any one approaches to touch them, he will not have a doubt of the reality, but will think them to be the solid earth, and as I will fix them in the darkest places, you may be assured it will be next to an impossibility that they should be discovered."

The count reflected a little on Richard's projected plan, made him explain it thoroughly, and when he perceived it worth attending to, gave him permission to execute it; promising him, at the same time, to supply him with every thing necessary, and to assist him besides in every possible manner.

"Yes," said he to the countess, "the more I think on it, the more am I persuaded that Heaven has sent us this asylum; may God forbid we should ever want it, but it is no more than prudent to prepare ourselves for the worst."

The following day Richard went to town, in order to purchase several things necessary for the execution of his plan.—The count, under pretence of sporting, would daily assist him in his labours. By means of their persevering activity, the cavern was completely ready in a very little time.

On the 11th of August following, the countess and her daughters revisited the cavern; the place was now much altered; the countess expressed her pleasure at the perfect security of Richard's earthen doors; he pointed out the secret to open them, showed her and the young ladies the different apartments, lined with straw mats, and faced with carpeting, which was ornamented by thick tapestry, so as to effectually keep out the damp. Some trifles of furniture, rather useful than ornamental, left them nothing else to desire.

The largest apartment, which was also the most lightsome, Richard had fixed up expressly for the countess, and another beside it for the

young ladies; both were cloaked in, and well lined with sheepskins to keep out the cold. A kitchen was fitted up, and provided with the necessary utensils; closets were thrown into the most commodious places, for the reception of provisions of all kinds, particularly fuel and oil. Lamps were placed at different distances, so as to light up the darkest recesses. The rotunda formed a study, in the midst whereof a lamp was suspended, whose light reflected from the roof by innumerable crystals, illumined the place with thousands of sparkling diamonds. A piano, an harp, some choice music, a port folio fitted with some excellent drawings, some crayons, a small library composed of the best authors, promised them at once an entertaining and edifying retreat.

(To be continued.)

ACHMET AND FATIMA.

ACHMET MARONA was an accomplished young man of a distinguished family in Belgrade, a town belonging to the Turkish dominions, situated on the river Danube. An event that crowned his wishes and seemed to complete his early happiness was his marriage to Fatima, a lady of exquisite beauty, and rare accomplishments, and was the only daughter of Hassan Buglo, a Bashaw in the armies of Turkey. Their marriage was solemnized on the 4th of July 1789; and the evening of the same day the town of Belgrade was besieged by the Austrian troops.

Although the siege was sudden, most of the principal families had made their escape before the place was invested by the enemy; but Achmet had been too much occupied with the affairs of his wedding to prepare for flight till it was too late. The town was in a manner surrounded by a powerful army panting for conquest and thirsting for blood; and there was reason to expect, if it were taken by storm, that the female part of the inhabitants would fall victims to the brutal violence of a licentious soldiery, to which the singular beauty of Fatima would but more expose her.

In these circumstances of extreme distress and terror, Achmet determined at all hazards to convey his bride to a place of safety. He had her dressed as a young man of fashion, and putting himself in the habit of a slave, left the town at 12 o'clock at night, hoping to reach some safe retreat before the return of day. They had scarce begun their midnight wanderings, when loud peals of thunder increased the terrors of Fatima. The rain fell in torrents, the darkness increased, and they wandered about bewildered and forlorn till the day appeared, when they found themselves surrounded by a patrolling party of Austrian soldiers, and were seized and hurried to the main guard. By order of the Prince of Saxe Coburg who commanded the Austrian army, they were examined apart, and as their story was contradictory they were condemned to be executed as spies.

Fatima was informed that she had but an hour to live. She received this sentence with composure, and only begged that her servant might be permitted to carry her a few trifling articles as remembrances to her friends; for she had still indulged a hope that Achmet, passing for a slave, would be free from suspicion and out of danger. But scarce had she finished that request when she beheld her beloved Achmet passing by under a guard of armed men with extreme agitation, she inquired what was to be his fate, and was answered, that they were conducting him to instant death. At the word death she gave a piercing shriek, and fell from her seat in convulsions. The officer present flew to her assistance, and unbuttoning her waistcoat to give her air, they perceived that their prisoner was a woman.

The execution of Achmet was suspended; and the prince of Coburg was informed of the particulars. He examined them himself, and having learned their real situation, he furnished them with suitable garments, and the same day had them conducted to a village whither their disconsolate friends had previously fled from the besieging army.

SLOW AND SURE.

In planning Expeditions 'gainst the foe,
Our Ministers are ever sure though slow,
Each Expedition meets a common fate,
Slow to depart, and slow to be too late.

London Paper

ANDER'S VALE.

FROM A FOREIGN NEWSPAPER.

Communicated by Hibernicus.

Ye groves that cast a solemn shade,
Ye sombre walls of ancient trees;
Beneath your branches dwells the maid,
That more than words my soul could please.

Sweet sylvan bowers, for ever dear!
How plaintive falls my mournful tale,
On pity's sympathetic ear,
Still, when I think on *Anders Vale*.

The rose of beauty blazes there,
The sweet-briar scents the healthful gale;
And, are there flowers accounted fair,
That flourish not in *Anders Vale*!

Tall spreading oaks with ivy bound
O'erhangs my well known native river;
There amaranthine flowers abound,
Celestial plants, that bloom for ever!

Scenes of my youth! I little knew,
Where pleasure laugh'd—creation smil'd;
'Twas but a microscopic view
Of infant joy, to sorrow's child!

Thus have I dream'd of perfect bliss,
And grasped my love in all her charms;
But while I stole the fancied kiss,
Her airy phantom left my arms,

What's life, but as a troubled dream,
Perplexed with fear-created woes;
Save when from hope a flattering beam,
Makes *Misery's* thistle seem a rose.

Why am I ever prone to sigh?
Why do I feel delight in pain?
Why do I wipe a tear wet eye,
Yet love my grief, and weep again!

Man is a strange capricious creature
Still seeking happiness and rest;
And should he find in human nature,
These blessings, would he then be blest?

No! there is something still, that haunts
His avaricious anxious mind;
Alas he knows not what he wants!
Content he seeks—but cannot find.

And do I rob myself of sleep,
With wild imaginary care?
And sigh and grieve regret and weep,
For leaving one bewitching fair.

'Tis true—thou son of Melancholy!
Thou' some for constant too wise,
Will call the earth-born child of Folly,
On one to fix your heart and eyes.

My soul, detest the guilty art
Despite the fraudulent skill that brings
Distresses on a female heart,
To peace of mind eternal stings!

May horror seize me in that hour!
May Death appear in visage pale;
When I prove faithless to the flower,
The modest flower of *Anders Vale*!

A PUN.

'Swax never,' cries a shivering blade,
Such wintry weather I remember;
The Seasons some mistake have made,
And given not summer, but December.
But when to warm his chilly frame,
He seized and swallowed off a rummer;
When swallows after swallows came,
He owned, with rosy-blushing shame,
The seasons were not much to blame.
For many swallows made a summer.

VARIETY.

Singular Inscription—From the Intelligencer, printed at Portsmouth, New-Hampshire.

The following singular inscription is taken from the grave stone of a deceased son of William Plummer, Esq. of Bpping:

'Here resteth, the innocent Quintus Plummer—the 5th son of Wm. and Mary Plummer, he was born on the 5th day of the 5th month of the 5th year of the 19th century, and drew vital air, only 5 times 5 days!

GLEANINGS,

FROM LATE LONDON PAPERS.

The Spanish General, Cuesta, who refused to fight upon a Sunday, certainly is no member of the Church Militant.

Among the recent arrivals from the Expedition, we find that the *Ox* was very properly chosen to bring home intelligence to John Bull.

It was objected to the Heider Expedition, that we took the *Ball* by the horns; It now appears, that, in Flushing, we have got the wrong *Sea* by the ear.

We extract the following singular epitaph from a recent lively and interesting journal of a voyage down the *Wye*.—There resided at Chesham a man of the name of DOWNTON, who married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. CREST. His father-in-law was, when alive, the constant subject of his ridicule; and upon his decease, he wrote the following lines, which appear on his tomb in the church yard:

'Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One chest within another;
The chest of wood, was very good—
Who says so of the other?'

Monday night a boy belonging to a retail linen draper's, in Holborn, went from his master's shop bringing some goods from a wholesale draper's in the city. As he returned with his load near Fleet Market, he became tired. A man offered him his assistance, giving him a new hat to hold, and taking the load to carry it for him. In the course of a few minutes another man met the boy and threw a handful of mud in his eyes. The poor lad was then surrounded with a set of fellows, who with a great air of simplicity inquired of him what was the matter, and several other questions, until the man with the load got clear off.

HENRY:

OR,
THE CAPTIVE.

A FRAGMENT.

He threw himself upon the turf, cast his eyes to Heaven, and then on the ground. I have, said he, full liberty to range the bounded field to-day. Upwards he turned the streaming orb of sight and thanked the guardian father of the captive; then looked wistfully at the rose which he held in his hand. It was wet with the dew of eve. The emblem of Anna, repeated Henry, and added to the liquid drops that glistened on the flower. Sweet emblem of Anna, again he whispered, as he placed it in his bosom. Alas, the stark snapt! The rose fell at his feet. A tear fell from his cheek. A sigh burst from his bosom. Too lively a picture of man, cried Henry. Perhaps like the blushing rose, my Anna is nipt in the bud, and now lies mouldering in her urn;—and to-morrow, instead of straw, this cold sod may be my bed, and not one little mate tell where the captive lies. Henry breathed the ejaculation, Thy will, O Heaven be done!—It was recorded in the annals of piety. A weeping cherub wrote it down. Hark! I hear the footsteps of my keeper. Adieu, ye bulky walks of innocence and peace. He was stooped, as passing on—A human voice (unattended by happy sound, Henry is free! another disappeared. It was the godlike Howard. May laughing love's wand him play, and smiling angels watch his soft repose.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 33 persons, (of whom 3 were men, 10 women, 8 boys, and 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz In childbed 1, cold 1, consumption 6, convulsions 2, decay 4, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, drowned 1, dysentery 1, typhus fever 2, hemorrhage 1, hives 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, old age 2, palsy 1, still-born 1, teething 2, whooping-cough 3, and 1 committed suicide.

On Monday one of the Powles-Hook Ferry-Boats, when going over from the foot of Courtlandt street, was struck with a head-flaw of wind, which deadened her way, and before her sails were full, another flaw struck her, and she immediately upset.—Small boats put off, and saved all the passengers, except Mr. Samuel Delaplaine, of this city, who was so far exhausted when brought ashore, that he soon expired.—Besides Mr. Delaplaine, there were on board at the time, John B. Coles, Esq. and his son Benjamin; Mr. Anthony Steinback, and his late partner, Mr. Brown, two women, a black man, and two ferry-men, all of whom were providentially saved. N. Y. Gaz.

We are happy to find by the Charleston paper of the 26th and 27th ult. that no new cases of fever, or deaths, had been reported by the Board of Health, for two days.

A letter from Philadelphia to the Editor of the Evening Post dated Monday noon, says, "The Emperor Napoleon has created Mrs. Jerome Patterson, of Baltimore, a Dutchess of the House of Napoleon, with an establishment of 40,000 crowns per annum, and her son, a Prince of the French empire. Col. Tousard, late of the American Revolutionary army, is appointed Governor of the young Prince, with the rank of General, and a splendid salary. He has left Philadelphia for Baltimore, to take upon himself the duties of his appointment. Baltimore is to be the Imperial and Royal residence for the present."

We have for some days had various rumours afloat as to certain arrangements made in Europe respecting Mrs. Bonaparte and her son. The following is the substance of what is in circulation.—That her son is created Prince of the French Empire and a princely allowance is made for his education.—That the Dutchess and the prince are for the present to remain in the United States.—That Colonel Tousard, who served during our revolutionary war, is appointed governor of the Prince, with a large salary and an appointment of Major General in the French service. To this statement it may be proper to add that we have been assured that General Turreau, the French Minister, never has sat down or been covered in the presence of young Bonaparte, and this deportment is in consequence of his instructions from the Court of France. Phil. Dem. Press.

On the 23d ult. the dwelling-house of Mr. Josiah Peck, of Bristol, in Connecticut, together with its furniture, shop, stock, tools, &c. was consumed by fire—his loss is estimated at between 3 and 4000 dollars; being nearly the whole of his property, which by prudence and industry, he had been nearly 30 years collecting.

Murder!—Mr. Walter Strachan and family had been on a visit to New-River, where he left his wife with her mother, and on the 4th inst. returned to his plantation on Black-River. His neighbours were alarmed on the Sunday night following, by a negro boy belonging to him who informed them that somebody had shot his master. They instantly went to the house where Mr. Strachan lived and found him dead lying on his back.—On examination they discovered he had been shot in the side. Suspicion was excited against the boy—He was closely questioned, became confused and at last acknowledged that he had shot his master, and threw the gun in a particular place in the river, where on search being made it was found. What renders this act the most extraordinary and horrid is, that this boy had been brought up in the family with his young master and must have, we should suppose, contracted an attachment for him. The only reason, he assigned, for what he had done, was the apprehension of being punished for some offence committed. The wretch is now confined in Elizabethtown jail, and will doubtless, as he deserves, be made an example of, that will strike a salutary terror. Mr. Strachan, we are informed, was a young man, of sobriety, industry and worth. Wilmington Gazette.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.

Dissolve a scruple of Salt of Tartar in a gill of water, add ten grains of Cochineal finely powdered—sweeten this with fine sugar

Give to an infant the fourth part of a table spoonful four times a day.

To a child of two or three years old half a spoonful and from four years and upwards a spoonful may be taken.

The Board of Directors of the Society, for the relief of poor Widows with small Children, reports that the number of Widows on the books of the Managers, since the 9th of Nov. 1808, have been not less than 200, and the number of children full 600, besides others assisted in time of sickness, and other pressing necessity. That since the 9th of Nov. 1808, there had been distributed to them 719 loads of wood, 441 pair of shoes, 1137 yards of flannel and woolen, for cloathing, 482 yards of linen and cotton for do. 22 pair of stockings, 7 boys hats 17 lbs. yarn, for stockings, 3 blankets, 3 shawl, 1 great coat, 1 pair of trousers, 7695 lbs. of meal, 101 lbs. of rice, 31 lbs. of candles, and to the sick, 257 lbs. of sugar, 265 lbs. of meat, 80 3/4 lbs. of tea, 80 loaves of bread, 5 quarts of wine, 4 1/2 lbs. of butter, and 351 97 cts. part of which has been expended in other necessities for the sick, and partly given in money by vote of the board.

By order of the Board,

Nov. 8

L. BIRD, Secretary.

MISS HONEYWELL.

Informs the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that she has opened a room of Curiosities, at No. 267 Broadway, executed by herself, without hands

Admittance 25 Cents—Children half price

Those who visit her room of Curiosities can see her work if they chuse. She embroiders, threads her needle, ties the knot, cuts fancy pieces, watch-papers with initials or the full name

All those pieces for sale by the lady at the above place

Admittance from 9 in the morning till 9 in the evening

Nov 6

1081—1m

COURT OF HYMEN.

Sweet remnant of the garden's bliss,
To tell the first rich day, still given,
To pledge eternal happiness,
And raise the thought, by steps, to Heaven.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinton, Mr. Daniel F. Read, to Miss Susan Champanoise, both of this city

On Tuesday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Jarvis Lockwood, to Miss Mary B. Williamson both of this city

At Troy, on the 29th ult. Capt. Paul Chase, to the amiable Miss Rosannah Tylee, Daughter of Edward Tylee, late President of the above village.

At Albany, Mr. Edward A. Le Breton, to Miss Mary Moncey.

MORTALITY.

Ye gay and thoughtless, rioting in health!
Ye fair, arrayed in beauty's rose-clad bloom!
Ye proud ye vain, who boast of power or wealth,
Behold the end of all your pride—a tomb!

DIED.

On Friday evening the 3d inst. of a consumption, Miss Eliza Brown, aged 26 years

On Saturday evening last, after a long illness which he sustained with real christian resignation, Francis Arden, sen. in the 68th year of his age

On Sunday, at the house of Mr. George Duncan, in Greenwich, Robert Walker Wetmore, aged 17, son of P. Wetmore, late merchant of this city.

On Monday evening last, Capt James M. Heron, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Ann Riddles, aged 59 years.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Effie Crygier, relict of the late Cornelius Crygier, aged 82 years.

On Wednesday morning last, Roderick James, son of James James of this city, aged 22 years, after a painful illness, which he bore with christian patience, Suddenly, on Thursday afternoon, Joseph Stansbury, Esq. Secretary of the United Insurance Company, in the 59th year of his age

At Albany, on Monday last, Mrs. Elizabeth Treat, relict of the Rev. J. Treat

At Newburgh, on the 1st inst. after a severe illness which she bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Margaret Eustace, aged 76, relict of the late Dr. John Eustace, and mother of the late Gen. Eustace

At St. Bartholemews, on the 10th ult. of a malignant fever, after a few days illness, John S. Haring, in the 11th year of his age, son of Mr. Samuel Haring, of this city

On the 30th August last, of the yellow fever, in the island of St. Christopher, Mr. Josiah Peck, Junr. aged 23 years; at Stafford, Connecticut, on the 17th Sept. ult. Miss Sally Peck, in her 28th year, both highly amiable and promising children of Mr. Joseph Peck, of the last mentioned place.—Miss Peck fell dead in the street as she was returning home from church, while attempting to relate to her neighbours whom she met, the sad news she had heard of the death of her beloved brother.

On the 30th of Sept. last, at the house of his brother, Samuel Douglas, of America-Square, Sir William Douglas, of Castle Douglas, Bart. brother of George Douglas, Esq. late of this city

FRESH TEAS, CASTILE SOAP, &c.

STEPHEN HOLT offers for sale, cheap Fresh Teas, choice qualities, warranted to please, viz. Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Souchong, Campoy, and Bohea, by the chest or less quantities

A Lard, Castile soap in boxes. Fresh Raisins in casks and boxes—Loaf, Lump, Muscovada, White and Brown Havanna, White India, &c. Sugar

Nov 11

1082—tf

ALMANACKS,

For 1810.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single ones.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

From a selection of Irish Melodies, lately published in Philadelphia.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now:
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns:
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns!

But send round the bowl and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined:
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When those blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship secure,
Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.

But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

TO A ROSE TREE AND A MYRTLE.

SENT TO A LADY.

Go, little blooming fragrant Rose,
Go to my love and take thy place,
Unfold thy leaves, thy sweets disclose,
And be an emblem of her face.

And thou, my Myrtle, ever green,
Go with the Rose, and there impart,
By thy unchanging, humble mein,
An emblem of thy master's heart.

Then, if Eliza we should twine,
The Myrtle and the Rose together,
Would not the Myrtle's leaves combine,
To guard the Rose from stormy weather?

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Lost or stolen from the pocket of the subscriber, on Wednesday afternoon, it is supposed at the corner of Front street and Burling-slip, a Red Morocco Strap Pocket Book, containing about 70 dollars in Bank Notes, viz. one of 20, two or three of 10, and the remainder in smaller notes. It also contained a number of loose papers, of but little value to any but the owner. It was marked with the name of the subscriber, and a small counting-house almanac pasted in the inside. Whoever will leave the same, with the contents, at the store of Phoenix and Muir, No 33 Front-street, shall receive the above reward, and be asked no questions.

HENRY P. RUSSELL.

Oct 21

1079—tf

MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No 140 Broad-way, to No 12 Court-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

Alakes up Ladies own materials

October 14

1078—tf



RULEFF CONOVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Buyn.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that convenient stand at the blue window, No. 120, Broad-way, directly opposit the City-Hotel, where he intends to carry on the LADIES SHOE MAKING in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him, by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies, by sending their messages, shall be personally attended to at their respective places of abode, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

September 27

1075—tf

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY. JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of **BILIOUS CHOLIC**, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New-Jersey, who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

August 19.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. A Boy of 15 or 16 years of age will meet with good encouragement by applying at this office
November 4

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE.

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip and at the Proprietors 43 Frankfurt-street.
Oct 21

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths
Fine French cambrics and linens
Twilled cotton sheetings
6-4 wide cheeks and bed-ticks
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do,
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbins, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold low, wholesale and retail

May 27

1058—tf

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or, ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin
Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. An oint powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 1s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braçes. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery
8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT,

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn
Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring or wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes containing 30 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE